

Cafe Cleopatra

For Dash666

By TheSpiralledEye

David reluctantly accompanies his friends to Cafe Cleopatra, a high end strip club, for a night of wild excitement. When one of the performers attributes the rude comments of one of the performers to him though, David learns just how wild he can get.

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David felt distinctly out of place in the line for Cafe Cleopatra, most of the men in the line were young things in their twenties, some he even suspected were underage. Not that the bouncer at the door was doing much of a job checking IDs. Being a portly man in his thirties he couldn't help but feel slightly embarrassed being at a high end strip club. Not only did he feel too old for this but he'd had to lie to Judy about what they were doing for the bachelor party. When Brock had talked Zach into having the 'traditional' kind of bachelor party he'd cringed. But what could he do? Be the only groomsman to say no? Even Thomas had agreed and he probably had the lowest libido of them all.

The outside was all polished black surfaces and golden neon lights; it stuck out badly from the rest of the more homey buildings in the street. Even the seedy side of Ontario seemed a little too...low classy for so much gold and glitz.

Still, he couldn't help glancing around nervously as they neared the entry, somehow worried that his wife would appear and accuse him of sleeping with a stripper or something else ludicrous he would never even dream of doing. As they reached the front of the line the bouncer held out his hand for ID and Brock, Zach, Aaron and Thomas flashed their cards. David fumbled with his but to his surprise and then embarrassment, the Bouncer just waved him through without so much as glancing at it. Nobody would ever mistake him for a young man. Despite knowing it was only logical, no thirty year old could be mistaken for being under age, he still felt even older as he walked through the ornate black doors made of polished stone and into the club.

The moment he stepped inside, he felt as if he'd been transported to another world, a realm of exotic allure. It was so distracting he actually managed to forget his discomfort for a moment.

The Egyptian theme was obvious; Cream-coloured walls adorned with intricate hieroglyphics rose to meet a midnight sky ceiling, punctuated with golden stars that

shimmered like a constellation and pictures of well known Egyptian goddesses; the fact that they were all rendered in excruciating detail while naked was probably considered sacrilegious to some. Glowing sconces lit with fake flames cast warm, golden light, and gossamer drapes hung from the ceiling, creating an atmosphere of opulence and added a flash of colour to the black, gold and cream of the fixtures.

“Didn’t I tell you this place was amazing?” Brock grinned, “I’ve been here three times since it opened and I still haven’t even seen all the different girls!”

“Didn’t you say this place only opened three weeks ago?” David asked and Brock just gave him a cocky grin.

“Yup.” He proclaimed proudly, leading the rest of the group to the bar, “I figure my days of seedy, smoke-filled rooms filled with crack whores should be done. I am a grown man after all, I can afford some class.”

David bit his tongue; personally, he didn’t think any kind of strip club could be considered classy. But who was he to argue with Brock who seemingly had visited every single one in the state.

As they moved David’s eyes were drawn to the grand, polished ebony bar at the centre of the room. Its surface gleamed like a dark mirror, reflecting the amber glow of the lanterns that surrounded it. Bartenders, adorned in elegant black and gold attire, deftly mixed cocktails that carried hints of exotic spices and sweet melodies. Several strong looking men in linen skirts made in that traditional style with snake belts stood at various corners of the room, ready to intervene if any patrons got too rowdy.

David looked to their shiny, oiled torso’s and down to his own dad bod with embarrassment. Strip clubs were supposed to make men feel good about themselves, what were the owners thinking having those Adonis like men standing guard?

At the far end of the club, a raised stage beckoned with a promise of mesmerising entertainment. The performers, in costumes that shimmered with golden sequins and ebony feathers, moved with sinuous grace. Gold and silver poles stood at equal intervals as three women twisted their bodies like the serpents that decorated the walls. The modern, sensual music was almost at odds with the decor but somehow it managed to merge in a way that was not only appealing but alluring. The buff, topless body guards standing either side of the stage ready to stop anybody who got too handsy.

“Man, how much do you think that position pays?” Aaron asked, elbowing David with a grin. “I wouldn’t mind working here if it meant getting that sort of view every night.”

David followed Aaron’s gaze to the stage where two young, nubile women were now making a show of undressing one another between dance moves. Not that they had much on to begin with. Aaron wolf whistled and David blushed; he wasn’t sure where to look. It seemed like no matter where his gaze landed there was another beautiful, scantily clad girl or one of those muscular bodyguards who made him feel so self conscious.

‘Just think of your wife’ David thought to himself, Judy was a lovely lady, the love of his life but well...she wasn’t anything on these young hot things. Surely a few peaks wouldn’t hurt, it wasn’t like he was going to do anything.

“Alright, as the husband to be, first round is on me.” Zach smiled, forking over his card to a busty young woman and getting them all a beer.”

“Come on man, this your bachelor party, let’s get something stronger!” Brock cried, handing over his own card, “Five shots of whiskey on the rocks, keep them coming till the beers are gone.”

“Hells yeah! Let’s get wasted!” Aaron punched the air and David wondered how on earth his friends had stayed so young all this time. Was he the only one who felt out of place?

A hand appeared at his shoulder and David looked over to see Thomas smiling at him with understanding.

“Just loosen up and enjoy yourself for one night. If it looks like you’re going to do anything you’ll regret, I will step in. Okay?”

“Thanks, man.”

Thomas was so quiet it was easy to forget he was there sometimes; but that made him pretty good at picking up on things the others missed.

“No problem, Zach and I are probably only getting a lap dance or two, I don't think I am going to try scoring like Aaron or Brock. And if Zach tried I am pretty sure that might put a damper on his whole future marriage thing.”

David snorted; at least he wouldn't be alone in that; not that he was even going to pay for a lap dance. He'd enjoy a show, maybe cop a feel here or there when stuffing some bills and that would be that. Brock and Aaron were both pretty good looking guys, if they picked up early maybe he could even use it as an excuse to get out of here.

“Aw let David get a little wild for once! He barely got to enjoy any of this before he and Judy tied the knot.” Aaron teased, “Marrying your high school sweetheart is so...cliche.”

“You know you can be a real ass when you drink.,” Zach punched him on the shoulder.

David downed half his beer, letting the fuzzy bubble tingle all the way down his throat. Aaron was right, in a way, he was being too uptight. Tonight was about having some wild fun before one of his best friends got married; he needed to stop worrying and beer would probably help with that. He downed two more shots of whiskey, letting the burn warm his stomach as it settled. Slowly, the alcohol flowed into his veins and he felt that familiar relaxation seep into his muscles and worries and woes washed away.

They were all good and buzzed by the time Brock pushed them toward the stage; the lights were low and it seemed the ‘premium’ entertainment was about to begin. An announcement boomed over the speakers and golden lights illuminated the stage, reflecting off a special pole designed to look like an undulating snake.

“It is with great pleasure that we introduce for the evening, Miss Cleo herself!”

A woman with olive skin, black hair and bright blue eyes framed with kohl slid down the pole, her body undulating along the curves in the golden metal. She was clad in nothing but a white bikini, held in place with golden metal bands also shaped like cobras. The crowd went wild; David and his friends along with it. What the hell, a little cheering wouldn't hurt anybody and Cleo really was *something*. David didn't realise skin could be that smooth outside the glossy pages of magazines.

When she reached the bottom of the stage she began to slowly stride down the catwalk, her hips swaying sensually with each step. The wolf whistles and jeers disappeared as a strange, almost ethereal silence fell across the crowd; everybody, including David, was

in pure awe. This was no ordinary stripper, she seemed to have a dominating presence that commanded respect. She was so far removed from those boob job, botox filled whores at the strip clubs David had been dragged to in the past. He could almost forget where he was.

Her dancing was just as sensual and sexual as anything but for some reason he couldn't explain it seemed somehow dignified. That long hair swept across the curve of her ass as she spun and with one fluid motion, the bra dropped to the floor, exposing her for all to see. And what a sight it was; the two most perfect breasts in the world were right in front of him and all thoughts of David's wife went from his mind.

They weren't the overblown, overly round, plastic filled things most strip clubs were known for. These were natural, large but not obscene and they swayed with Cleo's movements almost hypnotically. The whole room was in awe; David may have even held his breath as his cock twitched and threatened to go hard just from watching. Then the spell was broken as a voice from right beside him echoed about the room.

"Take the rest off so I can show you *my* snake!"

The music kept going but the show stopped; those sorts of jeers would be commonplace in most strip clubs but everybody, except Brock seemed to have got the memo that this was not your typical establishment, or performer. That sort of language might have flown with the other girls on stage before, but not Cleo.

David cringed as her eyes turned towards them, full of wrath and for a second he thought they were about to be asked to leave. But then she continued her show, thrusting her chest skyward and earning a cheer from the crowd. The rest of his group got back into it, throwing money and stuffing Cleo's panties as she cooed and smiled at them, even running a finger along Aaron's cheek, making him pop a boner right there and David was forced to look away out of sheer embarrassment.

She never came near him though, and that filled him with an odd mix of emotions. On the one hand, it was good, he didn't have anything to be ashamed about later and it wasn't as if he wasn't satisfied at home. But on the other, there was something otherworldly about Cleo and being the sole man not to get a touch or at least a lustful look stung. Even Brock earned himself a smile despite his outburst.

When her show was over more standard fare appeared on stage and the atmosphere turned back into a regular strip club, well, a fancier version of one anyway. Brock and Aaron both disappeared into the private curtained off booths with various girls and David excused himself to go to the bathroom. When he returned a hand snaked out from behind a set of drapes and before he could do anything to stop it he was being pulled into one of the private booths.

The force behind the pull was so sudden and strong he collapsed back into the plush seat and was surprised to see none other than Cleo standing before him, her face cold and thunderous.

“Oh! I um, I’m not after a lap dance t-tonight.” He stammered and instantly knew he’d said something wrong, Cleo’s face turned even angrier.

“You think I want to give the likes you a lap dance?” She hissed, “After what you said to me?”

“Wha-Oh no! That wasn’t me, it was the man next to me!” David insisted, the words sounded like lies even to him. He couldn’t even blame Cleo for not believing him.

“Rude and a coward.” She huffed, crossing her arms over her chest, David didn’t mean to but for a fraction of a second his eyes dipped as those breasts rose, lifted by her arms. Cleo noticed; she clearly wasn’t impressed.

“I swear it wasn’t me but even if it was, you’re a stripper. That sort of thing is just expected right?” He tried, feeling a cold sweat on the back of his neck, “Like, you can’t expect to work this sort of job and not have sexual comments like that hurled at you? Not that it’s right but-b-but…”

He was blabbering now, what was he saying? He could feel a kind of ice cold burn searing into him from Cleo’s gaze and his heart began to hammer. What the hell was wrong with him? Why was he scared of a woman ten years his junior?

“Rude, a coward and a liar.” She sneered, “A trifecta if I do say so, men like you deserve a very special kind of punishment.”

She crept closer, her voice going low as she leaned in. David scrambled backwards but soon found himself panned and to his utter shock; Cleo kissed him. Hard and fast, so much so that it was almost painful. A searing, tingling heat passed between them and David couldn’t help but let out a little moan; who wouldn’t! It took him by surprise. Just when he thought perhaps this had all been some sort of strange foreplay Cleo drew back and wiped her mouth in disgust before smiling cruelly.

“Enjoy your night.”

And she was gone, leaving him alone in the booth. He'd kissed a stripper! Well, she had kissed him. But still, if Judy ever found out David doubted she would see the distinction. He had to get out of here before anything else happened. At least nobody had seen...

He stood up, hesitating as he reached for the curtain; he didn't want to leave too soon after Cleo lest anybody saw them and thought more than just a kiss happened. His hand rested on the velvet curtain and he watched curiously as a strange splotch of pigment caught his eye. He'd never noticed that darker patch of skin before.

Almost in response to him focusing on it though, the spot began to grow. He yelped in surprise watching the olive hue spread across his hand and up his arms. As it went the very shape of his body started to change with it. His finger stretched, turning thin and dexterous and his arms also lost any extra pudge.

David wobbled on his feet, feeling slightly lightheaded from shock but also the itching sensation that spread across his skull as hair began to spill forth, dark brown with honey highlights that shone in the low light of the booth. It fell over his face in a wave and he desperately tried to clear it away but struggled as his nails lengthened and gained a strange, sticky coat of polish before hardening over.

“What is happe-my voice!”

That wasn't his voice! It was light and feminine, with a touch of an accent he could not place; Puerto Rican? Mexican? Dominican perhaps? He wasn't sure; the only thing he could be sure of was that it was a woman's voice and very much not his own. Not only that but as he spoke his tongue brushed against his lips and they felt wrong; full and sensual in a way that a man's simply never were.

He lifted his new, soft palms to his face and felt over his shifting jawbone, feeling in real time as his square jaw smoothed out and his eyelashes lengthened. This...this couldn't be what he thought it was surely he couldn't be...turning into a woman? That wasn't possible.

But possible or not, it was happening because a second later he felt a deep ache in his chest that forced him to double over. He pressed his hands into the fabric of his shirt and groaned as the flesh there began to swell and bulge. His buttons melted into the soft fabric of his shirt as it shrunk, falling away until only the tiniest patches of fabric remained over his rapidly growing breasts.

They swelled until they were roughly the same shape and size as Cleo's, naturally large without being overt and for that he could at least sigh in relief. They felt frankly enormous as it was; he couldn't imagine having something like an E cup. He sat down and

wincing as they jiggled with the movement, held up by only spaghetti thin straps; he had no idea where the fancy white bra he was wearing came from, only that it did nothing to support the new heft in his chest.

As if in response to being sat on his butt began to tingle as well and a moment later he yelped in surprise as he was lifted half an inch higher. His cheeks had swollen and his hips along with them. Now wide and bouncy he left off the chair in surprise and flushed in embarrassment feeling not only his chest but his ass move as well. He'd never realised just how strange it felt to have parts of him move independent of his main frame.

His weight distribution had totally changed and even taking a step across the small booth was difficult. He couldn't figure out how to balance the weight of his chest against that of his butt and hips, not to mention his comfortable loafers were also starting to change. As he lifted his foot the heels extended and the fabric stiffened to golden leather; becoming a pair of golden heels with stiletto thin heels.

His legs thinned, his thighs thickening and all at once he felt a strong suction between his legs. His cock and balls ascended upwards, melting back into his body so quickly it knocked the breath from his lungs, causing his chest to heave up and down in shock as he felt something entirely new form between his legs. Soft; wet and oh so sensitive against the white bikini briefs he was now clad in.

He wobbled as he was knocked off balance in more ways than one by the change; causing his new curves to jiggle and his cheeks to turn pink. This was so humiliating!

'This is so sexy!'

The voice had come from inside his head and sounded suspiciously like his new, feminine voice only somehow even more sexual. He looked down at himself, now fully feminine, olive skinned and dressed in nothing but a skimpy bikini and heels.

'Let's go put on a show!'

A desire suddenly swelled within him; to be seen by as many adoring eyes as possible. David had never liked the spotlight; hell, leading projects at work was about as close as he got to being the centre of attention. The idea of being up on stage, especially in this body with men hollering and staring at his tits was awful, no it was wonderful. His emotions were swirling and his body started to move of its own accord.

His delicate hands pushed aside the curtain and there was the club, in all its gilded glory waiting for him. Including the stage. Cleo was close by and gave him a wave with a bright, yet somehow malicious smile.

“There you are Iris! Up on stage with you now!”

‘Yes! Yes, let’s get on stage!’

David’s horror and desire melted together, the latter won out and his legs began to carry him toward the stage where a pole sat, glittering in the spotlight ready to be mounted. He wanted that-no he didn’t-yes he did! Each step closer brought a new wave of sensations; not just internally but externally.

He passed polished mirrors on his way to the stage and his reflection was a stranger; a beautiful woman with natural curves, darker skin and eyes framed with dark black lashes. His make up was silver and gold, giving him an almost mystical look and swirls of body glitter whirled down his arms and legs. He was almost as beautiful as Cleo; almost.

As he stepped up onto the polished catwalk David felt a new rush of panic fill him; he had no idea how to walk like a woman, let alone dance or perform. This was embarrassing enough without making a fool of himself! Why was he even up here, it was as if he was a slave to his own body and the new urges that filled it.

‘Sway your hips, step slow to the beat.’ The voice ordered and he hesitated for a moment, his muscles locking up before they moved, unable to help himself.

Each time the voice spoke the desire to do as it commanded filled him to such a degree it was impossible to resist; he may as well have tried to stop breathing. Still though, he resisted as hard as he could, his movements coming off jerky and unnatural as he reached for the pole. The men in the crowd jeered and embarrassment flowed through him.

“Aw she’s shy! Give her some love!”

He knew that voice, Brock. David cringed; he’d forgotten his friends were likely in the crowd and when his eyes found them his cheeks burned so hot it almost hurt. They all cheered.

“Take it off! You ain’t got anything to be embarrassed about sweetheart!” Aaron yelled.

‘I love it when he calls me that.’

David tried to deny it but the happiness that flooded him was overwhelming; pet names made him feel good, wet even. His body began to move more fluidly, dancing and gyrating on stage as he mounted the pole and slid down it, twisting himself around the cool metal till it had been warmed by his body and coated in the glitter that was now smudged over his skin. The crowd went wild and all the attention made his heart soar. He was turning into an attention whore; their gazes bringing him joy and a good helping of shame along with it.

‘Touch me!’ the voice begged, ‘I want to be touched!’

All of a sudden the metal felt cold again and the desire to have something warm and soft, skin on skin contact, filled him. David dropped to his knees and crawled along the catwalk, feeling his breasts hang beneath his chest and sway delicately back and forth as he did so. His arm reached out and before he could stop himself he was pulling Thomas up on stage.

He would never have admitted it, but with his five o’clock shadow and roguish good looks, Thomas was quite handsome. He pressed himself up against the man’s broad chest and shivered as sparks of pleasure flowed through him from every point of contact. The crowd cheered and Thomas chuckled.

“Lucky bastard!” Brock called.

David shuddered; he wanted so much more than some dry humping disguised as dancing but maybe this could work. He could get out these urges on Thomas, somebody he knew wouldn’t go further than a few errant touches. Even now as he pulled the man to his feet to ‘dance’ he could feel those rough hands moving up and down his sides, making him shiver and bite his lip in an effort to moan.

‘Moan, show the world what a whore you are, I bet you could cum right now just from him touching your sides.’

God he could and that was embarrassing enough; David fought back the pressure building between his legs and sighed in relief; if he came on stage he might just die of embarrassment right there and then.

‘Ask him to come back for a lap dance.’

David bit his lip, it was so hard to resist but he had to...for his dignity.

“That’s for the dance but that’s all for me.” Thomas grinned, stepping away.

David sighed in both relief and sadness watching him go, his body already felt cold without the touch of another person. He had to get off this stage before that voice compelled him to do anything else.

“Take it off! Take it off!”

The crowd was cheering now, led by Brock. Big, handsome Brock who made the ladies swoon and David’s new pussy tighten...

‘Take it off.’

His long fingers moved to the thin straps of his bikini style bra and with a single flick; it was fluttering to the floor. He could feel the heat of the stage lights reflecting off his breasts as he struck a pose and smiled as the crowd cheered; they loved him and he loved them, no matter how much he tried to deny it. It wasn’t enough though; he needed *more*. More attention, more skin contact just...more.

‘Go to him!’

Brock had his hands outstretched; a fist full of bills gripped so tightly in his fingers they were white. It was more than enough for a lap dance; he would be paying for more than just a few looks and a touches that was for sure and desire rose up inside David’s chest.

No, if he went with Brock he would surely do something he’d regret. So as he finally dismounted the stage he grabbed for somebody else; anybody else really. He wanted a stranger but instead his hands closed around a familiar wrist and he found himself face to face with Zach. The shiny ‘BACHELOR’ button on his chest gleaming; somehow this felt worse.

“Last night as a single man?” He cooed, hating how sugary his voice sounded, “Why don’t I make it memorable?”

“Do it man! Come on, it’s your last chance as a free dude!” Brock urged, Zach looked unsure, and David prayed he would decline.

No such luck; the war raged before Zach's eyes for a moment before he settled on a lazy grin.

"Why the hell now? It's not every day a stripper picks you instead of the other way around."

Oh crap.

"Oh wonderful." David cooed, the voice feeding him lines that pushed out of his lips before he could stop them, "Come with me."

He led Zach across the room, back to the very booth where not that long ago he'd been transformed. With each step he could feel his bikini briefs settling deeper into the cleft of his ass, giving him a wedgie.

'You should take those off as well...'

His free hand spasmed; tempted to do just that but he managed to resist; being topless felt nice but to be naked entirely...that would be too much; far too tempting. He pulled the curtains closed, his back to Zach who flopped down on the plush couch that lined the back wall, arms and legs spread, looking like the king of his own castle. David peaked seductively over his shoulder and was surprised by the level of desire he felt for his own friend. He could see the bulge in his pants and the want for it was...intense to say the least.

'Wiggle that booty!'

His hips began to bounce, his foot tapping against the floor to the beat of the music muffled by the curtains. He had no idea how to give a lap dance; but it seemed this new body did because he seductively turned and raised his hands up above his head so that his whole body was stretched out and on display. The sway of his hips got more and more intense as his shoulders copied the movement, causing his whole body to undulate and his curves to sway and bounce enticingly.

He watched as Zach's eyes dilated with desire and happiness washed over David in waves. It felt so good to be the object of somebody's desire; it had been so long since anybody looked at him like that and it egged him on. He took slow, sensual steps forward hands on his hips before turning on the spot; having somehow mastered his heels already. He bent down, twerking and grinding his ass in Zach's face.

Two hands grabbed great handfuls of his heavy ass and David whimpered. It felt so nice, he wanted him to grip harder. Fuck he was so ashamed of himself, he was acting like a dollar store whore; he hadn't even taken the money before he started performing! It had totally slipped his mind. Had he earned his money yet, he hoped so, because the temptation to get really raunchy with his dancing was getting stronger the longer he stayed.

He pulled back, wanting to ask for payment and disappear out the curtains but his body and the voice in his head had other ideas. He leaned forward, pinning Zach beneath him so that both his breasts were less than an inch from his face,

“Gonna pay me?” He cooed and Zach gave a flustered, breathy laugh, sliding a fifty between his tits.

His cleavage held it up and David groaned; fifty dollars for his dignity? Was that really all he was worth? Instead of a complaint though a grateful smile formed on his lips.

“Why thank you, and a big tip as well!”

“I was worried I wouldn't have enough for...somebody like you.” Zach replied, sounding in awe.

“Oh no, not me, I am as cheap as chips.” David giggled.

What the hell was he saying! He was so embarrassed he wanted the ground to swallow him up.

‘Being cheap means more men can afford us, more hands to touch, more cocks to feel inside us...’

His new pussy quivered and a shiver ran down his spine as a delicious mix of humiliation and arousal moved through him. It was getting hard to tell them apart, his body was getting such mixed signals David was sure he was developing a humiliation fetish, which itself, was embarrassing.

“Well, as lovely as you are, I am getting married,” Zach tapped his bachelor button, “so we'd better leave it there.”

‘pout, that makes you so sad.’

It did, and his bottom lip jutted out and he shuffled on the spot like a nervous girl.

“Aw but I wanted to get to know you better.”

Zach blushed, that bulge in his pants now more prominent than ever. The knowledge that he could take care of that hit David like a wave. How easy it would be, how good it would feel to reach into those pants and stroke. His body was already moving of its own accord and his palm cupped the warm bulge, making Zach’s breath hitch.

“I wont charge you for it.”

‘No, he can have us for free, we want to feel him so bad’

He did; oh God he did. If he couldn’t cum himself to get relief perhaps getting somebody else off could grant him some semblance of gratification. He wanted to watch as seed spurted from the tip, coaxed forth by his delicate, sexy hands.

“Sorry,” Zach blushed, and he really did sound sorry, “But I can’t, my fiancée...she’s a real keeper and I don’t want to let her down.”

David was so turned on by how desperate Zach sounded; he really wanted to do more with ‘Iris’ he was sure. It felt so good to be wanted. Secretly though he was glad, he was losing control of himself entirely and at least with Zach saying no he wasn’t about to debase himself further by giving his friend a hand job. He could only imagine the horror on Zach’s face if he knew who he really was. For a moment David considered telling him and asking for help on how to break whatever magic this was but decided against it. If Zach ever knew that was him up on stage he could never face him again; hell, at this stage David wasn’t sure he could even face himself.

Zach stepped out and David breathed a sigh of relief; in this tiny empty room all temptation was gone and he could recentre himself. Shame filled him as he remembered Judy; Zach had been so loyal to his fiancee yet he had none of the same control. He’d been ready to throw himself at another, a man no less! Without even thinking of her. His pussy was still burning too, desperate to be touched.

‘Go out there, perform, draw them to you like flies to honey.’

His mind was immediately filled with images of him up on stage, bathed in sticky golden goo as men licked it off. It was so naughty and so damn hot. David bit his lip, defiantly standing his ground even as his legs screamed at him to move and get back to that stage so he could be seen by all once more.

He refused; he was not going to let these compulsions take what tiny shreds of his dignity remained. He was going to stand here alone for the rest of the night if that's what it took in order to not give in to the burning need between his legs. The voice was telling him to go out there and strip off, walk around naked and see how long it took till somebody tried to cop a feel but he didn't listen. He was stronger than this compulsion so long as he kept temptations at a distance.

“There you are.”

The curtain pulled back and David's heart sunk; Aaron. He'd unbuttoned his shirt so that his toned chest was on display, his black hair was slicked back in a way that David always made him look too young but now made his loins burn with want. He'd always known his friend was attractive but now he finally understood what all those women he bragged about sleeping with saw in him.

“Zach told me you give one hell of a lap dance, I'd like to see for myself.” He slipped another fifty between David's breasts, letting his warm finger graze against the sensitive skin of his cleavage.

David blushed; he'd totally forgotten he had money sticking out from between his tits; what a look. The voice was screaming at him to dance, dance, *dance!* He couldn't fight it anymore. He grabbed Aaron by the wrists and spun him around, grinding himself against him, using the man's thin but strong frame like he would a pole. David wrapped a leg around his waist and then slowly spun down to the floor, sticking his butt out as he rose again and feeling a familiar warm bulge press against his mound as he stood upright.

Unlike Zach though; Aaron was not bashful, he fully embraced the show, reaching out to hold David's heavy breasts in his hands before giving them a gentle squeeze, then a much firmer one.

'Moan'

“Oh yessssss....”

Aaron pulled him backwards so that they ended up sprawled across the couch, David mounting his lap and grinding down as their lips were brought together. Aaron's mouth tasted of burning whiskey mixed with the subtle flavour of some other woman's lip gloss. It was intoxicating and delicious; David was filled with the urge to mark his territory and wipe away that flavour, replacing it with his own.

"Iris, right? I'm Aaron." He grinned, "And I have plenty of extra cash to pay you for more than just this..."

"Oh Aaron yes, baby that's just what I want." David shuddered, letting the man claim his lips again as he drowned in his own shame.

David had to wrestle control over himself, kissing felt so good but no matter what that voice in his head said, he had to be strong. He pulled away with a gasp, his head flying back so far his neck was exposed and his chest thrust out. Unfortunately for him, Aaron took that as an invitation. His hands pulled aside the loose bra and before David could stop him, he'd placed the sensitive nipple into his mouth and sucked.

David saw stars; the bolt of pleasure was unlike anything he'd ever felt before. Aaron continued to suckle, gently pressing his teeth to the skin and licking the tip of his tinge against the sensitive nub so that David could only gasp in response.

'Moan! Beg for more, yes! It feels so good!'

"M-more..." David whimpered, "Oh fuck..."

His hips were grinding against air and his pussy burning; after so much teasing his self control was shattering. It just felt so damn good. Aaron's hands came to rest on the waistband of his bikini briefs and David couldn't even bring himself to resist as the voice told him to guide the hand inside.

Aaron's fingers found his wet folds and pressed between them, flicking against his clit and David had to bite his lip to hold back the sounds that threatened to escape.

'Moan for him, show him how amazing he's making you feel.'

No...he couldn't....he barely had any dignity left. He'd stop this, any second now he'd stop; just a few more touches. Just a little more and he'd be able to stop. Aaron's fingers were masterful, circling his clit, flicking against the button hard in time with his sucks and bites.

David felt his gaze go glassy as he stared up at the ceiling; the pleasure was so great that he couldn't even focus his eyes and the whole world turned into a blur of black and gold tiles.

'Moan.'

He did; and once he started he couldn't stop. Deep, wanton moans mixed with high pitched gasps escaped his lips and the ecstasy suddenly became too much to bear.

"Oh! Aaron!" He moaned, humiliation and bliss in equal measure flooding him as he came.

Juices squirted from his hole, staining his white panties translucent as he writhed under Aaron's touch. He was so embarrassed; but his body felt so good.

'Sex feels even better.' The voice taunted him, *'You'll know that soon enough.'*

David was afraid he would; even with the aftershocks of his first orgasm as a woman still pulsing through him he didn't feel satisfied. He now realised he probably never would, this stripper personality in his head was insatiable and making him the same way in turn. Somehow, he managed to climb off Aaron, still gasping for air, his knees were weak and the moment he tried to stand he found himself sinking to the floor instead, his face inches from the man's fly.

'Oh no,' he thought, *'No I can't...I couldn't...'*

But his hands were already moving, unzipping Aaron's fly and pulling out his hard length. It was already leaking precum and his stomach actually growled with hunger at the sight of it.

'He paid for this, give him what he paid for, whore.'

David's mouth sunk down over the length and he moaned. Aaron gripped his shoulder with one hand while the other buried itself in David's silky brown hair and held him in place. Tugging his head up to keep the pace he wanted. David bobbed, swirling his tongue and using it in ways he'd never dreamed of; each time drinking in Aaron's moans and letting them feed his own desire.

The cock was thick and hot against his tongue and David hated how much he loved the texture. It tasted so wonderful, far better than it had any right to; even though he

desperately wanted to stop, he couldn't. Or perhaps he *wanted* to want to stop. It was hard to tell what his true desires were anymore; the line between him and the voice in his head was getting thinner with each moment. He reached up and gave Aaron's balls a gentle squeeze and that was all it took. His friend came, the seed spurting right into the back of David's throat. He expected to gag but instead it simply dripped down his throat and he swallowed with ease, tongue lapping at the slit of Aaron's cock to ensure he got every last drop.

When he finally pulled away Aaron was blissed out on the couch, eyelids fluttering and he smiled wryly down at David, still on his knees in nothing but his panties and heels.

"You're really something."

"Why thank you." David giggled, "Now out you go! I have other shows to put on."

He needed Aaron out of here before he did something else shameful. The man gave him a grin that made David's heart flutter and his cheeks heat as he stepped out and David fell back into the couch; exhausted and ashamed. Would this never end? His pussy was still tingling, begging for more, one orgasm simply was not enough.

'One more. Just one more and you will be able to stop.'

He wasn't sure if that was the voice or his own thoughts. As if summoned by magic, and given what had happened tonight maybe she was, Cleo appeared.

"Ah, here she is, our lovely new girl Iris." Cleo purred, "Having fun?"

"Yes," he admitted, without wanting to, "But please, I need you to change me back now. I learned my lesson, I swear."

"Hm, not yet, I want you to really get the full experience of working at Cafe Cleopatra, besides, I can tell you don't really want to stop."

David whimpered, letting his eyes fall to the wet patch visible at the front of his panties.

"Admit it, you want to be out there on the pole again."

No. No. Nonononono.

“Yes.”

“Then off you pop.”

She slapped him across the rump and David jumped in shock, his legs already moving back out into the crowd. Once again he was overwhelmed by the gazes of all who he passed; they all wanted him and their attention made him all the hornier.

The voice was whispering sweet nothings in his ear; keeping him wet and needy as he climbed onto the stage and once again slid down the pole. The crowd hollered as he left a trail of moisture behind. Oh God this was so embarrassing; and Hot. Fuck he felt like he was going to cum again. Somebody reached out and tucked a note into his panties, their fingers brushing against his mound as they went and David shuddered.

‘Those fingers feel nice, big, imagine how big the cock of that man is.’

“Oh that’s goooooood.” He groaned, turning to see Brock staring back at him, his fingers ever so slightly moist.

Oh God no. Anybody but him, he couldn’t go with Brad! Not when his control was so lax, the idea of sleeping with such a man whose was humiliating on its own. He had no desire to see how Brad treated the strippers he slept with...except he did. Or at least, the voice in his head did.

‘I bet he feels amazing.’

“I bet you’d feel amazing.” David felt his eyes go hooded as against his will his arm reached out to stroke along Brock’s chest, “Got enough for a dance and maybe something extra, big boy?”

Big boy? David wanted to cringe but his body wouldn’t let him, it was already sliding off the stage and taking Brock by the hand. They were heading for the booths; no! He couldn’t go in there, if he did, they were going to have sex and he couldn’t take the humiliation! But he wanted it; the pleasure and the humiliation both. The constant teasing, the voice, the orgasms and pleasure this body had brought him; it had all primed him to love his own embarrassment, to want it.

The second the velvet curtain closed Brock was upon him, sliding his hands down the curves of his sides until he reached David's panties. David stepped back, falling down onto the couch and lifted his legs so the clothing could be removed. He got to his feet, half wanting to run for the door, half wanting nothing less. He clung his naked body to Brock's clothed one and moaned, humping against his leg like a bitch in heat.

Brock took the lead, turning them around and seating himself on the comfy couch with an arrogant smile.

"Undress me."

David did as he was told, he was so turned on he would do anything to feel satisfaction now, even fuck his former friend. As soon as Brock's pants were off and his cock was on full display David knew he was truly lost; he couldn't look away from that length; he *yearned* for it to be inside him.

His heart was racing; there was no stopping this now, his resistance had crumbled. He felt out of control and yet that only made him wetter as he climbed up onto Brock's lap and positioned himself above the man's thick cock.

'Sink down.'

With a deep moan he obeyed, feeling his inner walls stretch and his jaw drop open. It was not a stark pleasure; yet it was overwhelming. It seemed to leak into every pore of his body the more he sunk down on the length. He swore he could feel every ridge and bit of skin as it pressed against his inner walls and they quivered in response.

"Fuck you're tight." Brock groaned, gripping David's hips.

David fell forward, his lips resting against the shell of Brock's ear as he whispered.

"Not after you're done with me."

Brock let out a sound; something between a grunt and a moan and bucked his hips; David's vision went white. Brock began to thrust again and again and David was frozen in place by the sheer strength of the sensations flowing through him.

'Roll your hips, ride him hard. Moan like the whore you are.'

His body obeyed, his throat conjuring noises even more pornographic than he thought possible. His hips snapped back and forth, riding up so that only the tip of the cock remained inside him before sliding back down again to fully sheath it. His body already knew exactly what to do in order to pleasure both himself and Brock to the fullest extent, he threw back his head and cried out, thrusting his tits into his friends face so that he could kiss and suck at them while they fucked.

It felt wild, amazing and exhilarating. His blood felt alive in his veins as the pleasure began to crest and another orgasm even stronger than the first crashed down upon him. His inner walls hugged Brock's cock tightly and sent him over the edge as well, together they came, loud enough that even the music wouldn't be able to hide what they were doing from the other patrons.

David collapsed against Brock's chest, breathing heavily, still stunned by his own actions.

"Best. Prize. Ever." Brock groaned as David lifted himself off; at least now perhaps this pleasurable torture would be over?

Cleo reappeared just as Brock was pulling up his pants and the man gave them both a wink before disappearing back into the club, no doubt ready to brag to everybody about just how incredible Iris was.

Cleo put an arm around David's shoulder and smiled.

"You've done well, not many girls are this successful on their first night."

"F-first?" He shivered.

"Oh yes, you're going to be performing here for a long time." Cleo grinned coldly.

David shivered; he was ashamed to admit it even to himself, but the knowledge that this was his life now made him far happier than it should have.

